

Hot. Come *Kate*, thou art perfect in lying downe,
Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

La. Go, yee giddy goose.

The Musicke playes.

Hot. Now I perceiue the Diuell vnderstands *Welsh*.
And 'tis no maruel hee is so humorous,
Birlady hee is a good musician.

Lady. Then would you bee nothing but muscical;
For you are altogether by humors;
Lie still, ye thiefe, and heare the Lady sing in *Welsh*.

Hot. I had rather heare, Lady, my breech howle in *Irish*.

La. Would 'st haue thy head broken?

Hot. No.

La. Then bee still.

Hot. Neither, 'tis a womans fault.

La. Now God helpe thee.

Hot. To the *Welsh* Ladies bed.

La. What's that?

Hot. Peace, shee sings.

Here the Lady sings a Welsh song.

Hot. Come, Ile haue your song too.

La. Not mine in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours in good sooth? Hart, you sweare like a com-
fitmakers wife, not you in good sooth, & as true as I liue, and as
God shall mend mee, and as sure as day:

And giuest such sarcener surety faor thy othes,

As if thou neuer walk'st further then *Finsbury*.

Sweare mee, *Kate*, like a Lady as thou art,

A good mouth-filling oath, and leaue in sooth,

And such protest of pepper ginger-bread,

To veluet gards, and Sunday Cittizens.

Come, sing.

La. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turne taylor, or be red-brest teacher
and the indentures be drawne, ile away within these a hours,
and so come in when yee will.

Glen. Come, come; Lord *Mortimer*, you are slow,
As *Hot* Lord *Percy* is on fire to goe.

By this our Booke is drawne, we cle
And then to horse immediately.

Mor With all my heart.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales

King. Lords, giue vs leaue, the *Prin*
Must haue some priuate conference,
For we shall presently haue need of
I know not whether God will haue
For some displeasing seruice I haue
That in his seeret doome, out of my
Heele breed reuengement and a sco
But thou dost in the passages of life
Make me beleene, that thou art one
For the hot vengeance and the rod
To punish my mis-treadings. Tell m
Could such inordinate and low del
Such poore, such bare, such lowd, suc
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art matcht withall, and gra
Accompanie the greatnesse of thy b
And hold their leuell with thy *Prin*

Prin. So please your Maiesty, I wo
Quite all offences with as cleare ex
As well as I am doubtlesse I can p
My selfe of many I am charg'd with
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As in reproofe of many tales deu
Which oft the care of Greatnesse
By smiling pick-thankes, and base n
I may for some things true, wherei
Hath faulty wandred, and irregular
Finde pardon on my true submission

King. God pardon thee, yet let n
At thy affections, which doe hold a
Quite from the flight of all thy anc
Thy place in Councell thou hast ruc
Which by thy yonger Brother is su
And art almost an alieu to the hea

By